

The Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1823.

WHOLE No. 118

Vol. II.—No. 44.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 53 Market street, north side, four doors below Second street, at \$2 per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or \$3 at the end of the year.



A VOICE FROM LEATHER-STOCKING.

From forests where panthers and leopards are prowling,
From mountains whose summits are touched by
The skies,
From woods where the tempest is endlessly howling,
From rivers whose vapours in rainbows arise,
The voice of a stranger to man and his troubles,
That greets you afar o'er the isles of the west,
Calmly and coolly the silver lake bubbles,
Whose banks by the white-man have never been
trod.

Thou long since the day that I left you behind me,
The nearest to mountains that curtain the sun,
The trees were few, now they're fewer than
birds,
Tolinger as I weakly have done.

Come from a wilderness where I hunted when young,
Where once unfetter'd was the Indian's devo-
tion,
And once where the lark and the partridge have
sung.

But when the tempest of age has bereft me,
Of vigor and energy anciently mine,
How few are the comforts of life that I find,
How dim the sun-beams that over me shine.

What has been left of my skill has been plun-
dered,
The hills have been bared and inur'd to the
plough,
And the lake o'er whose bosom my long rifle
thunder'd,
Is free from those squadrons of water-fowl now;
My dogs, that have shared with their master his
glory,
Are slumbering at last with the turf on their
breast.

But when I join them when nature shall bor-
row,
The clay that detains me from entering their
rest.

In the home of the temples the light of my child
is dim,
The hall where I reared Eliza from fire,
Is darker, the glow in the wildwood,
Where the light I felt in the time of my ire.

Where is Eliza? she too has departed,
To grace the light dance, in a mansion of
glory,
The time that so near her had suddenly parted,
Was messenger sent but to call her above.

Oh! how I long to see the surf of Pacific,
And the waves as they come as free and as brave,
And the voice of the Stocking thro' the tempests terrific,
Shall send me into the damps of the grave.

October 22, 1823.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A rich man said to a crowd of friends,
(For every rich man has his friends—possesses)
"Who is there that not on me depends,
Who is there that has not known my cares?"

"They all turn'd up their eyes unto their kin,
And in a noisy shout cried out 'not one!'"

"My friends," he cried, "it sorrow's deadly blight
Attends me, and it pains and woe come near,
Who is there, if my fortune set in night,
Who'd vanish? say, what one that now is here

Would have once bounteous friend and patron
been?"

"They all in a loud voice cried out 'not one!'"

Then said he, at length his wealth was wasted,
And he said, "My friends, deep sorrow touch'd his
head."

But to those that had his bounty tasted,
To ease his grief, by bearing off a part,
"My friends," he said, "my soul, I am un-
dressed."

And he, he looked around, and saw—not one!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FRIENDSHIP.

Give me the friendship that endures
Through all the changes of life,
Give me the friendship that endures
Through all the changes of life.

For the heart that is true and true,
The heart that is true and true,
The heart that is true and true,
The heart that is true and true.

The world is a better one,
And men are gooder all by gold,
And men are gooder all by gold,
And men are gooder all by gold.

For the heart that is true and true,
The heart that is true and true,
The heart that is true and true,
The heart that is true and true.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE PARTING.

SONNET ON FRIENDSHIP—TO MARY.

What is friendship? 'tis something more
Than a mere name, 'tis a charm that lulls to sleep,
O yes! it is a sweet mysterious power,
Can two frail hearts in mutual kindness keep;
It is the golden chain of love that binds,
In virtuous purposes, two virtuous minds;
It does not spring from selfish sordid views,
Nor yet in pure devotedness begin,
Can only for its trust its image choose,
And less displays without, than feels within.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On being desired by a Lady to drink to the Girl I loved best.

Here's to the Girl I love, and may each day
But make her happier as it rolls away,
A fairer form than hers, eyes cannot see;
A purer heart than hers, there could not be;
I will not wish her beauty, and to ask
Kind heaven for goodness, were an idle task,
When she possesses both—then may the maid
In worth or beauty never retrograde.

THE DYING CHILD.

The taper was just glimmering in the
socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother
awaked from a momentary slumber to re-
new her anguish: she turned her eyes on
her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were
slowly moving in their hollow abodes. It
was midnight, and nothing was heard but
the strokes of the clock pendulum and the
heavy sighs of a disconsolate father, which
mingled with the short deep breath of his
suffering darling.

Half raised and leaning on his pillow, he
had been watching the dread moment when
a sigh or a struggle should announce, that
hope and life had together taken their ever-
lasting flight. A sudden flutter drew the
attention of the wretched parents from the
melancholy object of their meditation: it
was the expiring innocent's favorite bird,
whose food had been neglected ever since
the danger of its little admirer had absorbed
all other care; and as the sad presage of his
fate, it now expired? The parents looked
alternately on each other, and on the bird;
and at this instant, to add to their distress-
es, the candle ceased to burn—the father
seized the infant's hand—the mother felt
for its forehead, but the pulse was still, and
all was cold!

AN HEIRNESS IN JEOPARDY.

How much of human hostility depends upon this
circumstance—distance! The most bitter en-
emies were to come into contact. How much
their ideas of each other would be chastened and cor-
rected! They would mutually amend their erro-
neous impressions; see much to imitate in each
other, and half the animosity which, in the
influence of society, would fade away and be
forgotten. It was one day when I was about seven
years old, after an unusual bustle in the family
mansion and my being arrayed in a black frock,
much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of
August, that I was told my asthmatic old uncle
had gone off like a lamb, and that I was the
heir to ten thousand pounds per annum. This
information, given with an air of infinite impor-
tance, made no great impression upon me at the time;
and in spite of the ridiculousness being regularly
dwelt on by my French governess at Camden
House after every ludicrous misadventure, I had
thought little or nothing of the subject, until the
age of eighteen I was called on to inherit an
estate and promissories, and bear my uncle's will
read by my guardian.

It finished me, indeed, with ample materials
for thinking Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither human
nor divine—I see it before me while I am writing
—appeared positively frightful, while he recited
his monstrous contents. It appeared, that my
father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled
and jangled through life, and that the only sub-
ject upon which they ever agreed was, to support
the dignity of the Vavasour family. That in a
moment of unprecedented union, they had deter-
mined that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar,
and the estates to me, to keep both united in the
family we should marry. And it seemed which
ever party violated these precious conditions, was
usually dependent on the other for bread and
butter. When I first heard of this pious arrange-
ment, I blessed myself. A passionate, overbearing,
dissolute young man, though I, for a husband
of an orphan, of a girl, who has not a nearer
relative than himself in the world; who has no father
to advise her, no mother to support her. A pro-
fessed rake too; who will merely view me as an
embellishment on his estate; who will think no
love, no confidence, no respect, due to me—will
insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and
with a wickedness the best affections of my
nature! No—I concluded, as my constitutional
levity returned—I have the greatest possible re-
spect for guardians, revere their office, and tremble
at their authority; but to make myself wretched
merely to please them—No, no—I positively can-
not think of it.

Well, time, who is no respecter of persons,
went on. The gentleman was within a few months
of being twenty-one; and on the day of his attain-
ing age, he was to say whether it was his plea-
sure to fulfill the arrangement. My opinion, I found,
was to be asked. A rich and titled husband was
procured for me, and I was to take him and be
thankful. I was musing on my singular situation,
when a thought struck me—Can I not see him
and judge of his character unsuspiciously by him-
self? This is the season when he pays an annual
visit to his god-mother, why not persuade her to
let me visit her in company? The idea, strange as it
was, was instantly acted on; and a week saw me
at Vale Royal, without carriage, without horses,
without servants, to all appearance, a girl of no
pretensions or expectations, and avowedly de-
pendent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating
audibly as I descended to the dining room, where
I was to see, for the first time, the arbiter of my
fate; and I never shall forget my start of sur-
prise, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather re-
served young man, in apparent ill health, was in-
troduced to me as the noisy, dissolute, and dis-
tracted baronet. Precisely have I been hoaxed,
thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting
conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other
ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in suc-
cession. Chance continually brought us together,
and prudence began to whisper, "you had better
return home." Still—I lingered—till one even-
ing, towards the close of a long tete-a-tete con-
versation, on my saying "that I never considered
money and happiness as synonymous terms, and
thought it very possible to live on \$500 a year," he
replied, "one admission more—could you live on
it with me? You are doubtless acquainted, I be-

lieved, with increasing emotion, "with my un-
happy situation, but not perhaps aware, that re-
volving from an union with Miss Vavasour, I have
resolved on taking orders and accepting a living
from a friend. If foregoing more brilliant pros-
pects, you would condescend to share my retire-
ment." His manner, the moment, the lovely scene
which surrounded us, all answered against me;
and Heaven knows what answer I might have
been hurried into, had I not got out, with a gaiety
foreign to my heart, "I can say nothing to you,
till you have, in person, explained your sentiments
to Miss Vavasour. See her at once." "But why?"
he exclaimed, "could seeing her again and again
ever reconcile me to her manners, habits and sen-
timents? or any sum of money, however large, in-
duce me to place at the head of my table a hump-
backed box-bey in green spectacles?" "Hump-
backed!" "Yes, from her cradle. But you colour.
Do you know her?" "Intimately. She's my most
particular friend!" "I sincerely beg your pardon.
What an unlucky dog I am. I hope you're not
offended?" "Offended! Oh no—not offended—
Hump-backed, good Heavens! not the least offend-
ed. Hump-backed, of all the things in the world,"
and involuntarily gave a glance towards the glass
"I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he
could collect himself, "that there was any ac-
quaintance." "The most intimate possible," I re-
turned; "and I can assure you that you have been
represented to her as the most dissolute, passen-
ate, awkward, ill disposed young man breathing."
"The devil!" "Don't swear, but hear me. See
your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken."
Further, at present, his deponent saith not, "and
with a face ludicrously distorted with an attempt
to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry,
I escaped to my own room. We did not meet
again, for the next morning, in no evitable frame
of mind, I returned home.

Not many weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of
age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze
—the tenants were dancing on the lawn—when
he drove up to the door. My eye was taken
with a large pair of green spectacles on his nose,
in a darkened room, near a table covered with
ponderous volumes, I prepared for this tremendous
interview. After hints and hints innumerable, and
with confusion the most distressing to himself and
the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand
he could not fulfil the engagement made for him,
and regretted it had ever been contemplated.
"No no," said I, in a voice that made him start,
and drawing up the blinds, "No no, it is prepos-
terous to suppose, Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever
connect himself with an ill bred, awkward, and
hump-backed girl." Exclamations and explana-
tions, laughter and rillery—intempered with more
serious feelings—followed; but the result of it all
was—that—that—that—we are married.

ELLEN.

BRIGHTON.

In a late work entitled letters on England, by
the Count de Soligny, a real or fictitious French
röbman, the following account is given of the
made in which the visitors at Brighton, the cele-
brated watering-place, pass their time.

"The usual hour of rising is about nine. Per-
haps an hour or two before this, two or three of
the party (young ladies more new to the place
than the rest, and glad of an opportunity of look-
ing about them unobserved by the Argus eyes of
their mamma or aunts,) will stroll to the sea
shore, and dip their finger into the water to taste
"how salt it is?" or try how near they can put
their very pretty feet to the little waves that
come rippling over each other, without being
caught by them; or wonder at the ocean, and con-
fess that it is not near so large as they thought
it was." About nine they return; seldom with
out trophies of their enterprise—such as a "curious
stone with a hole in it, a dry starfish, or a long
wet seaweed dangling to their fingers' ends."
By this time the rest of the company begin to drop
in, in parties of three or four, to the public eating
room, where a breakfast is prepared of tea, coffee,
eggs, &c. This lasts about an hour, during the
course of which each salutation falls to inform all
the rest who are within speaking distance, that "it's
a fine" or "a dull morning;" as if each fancied
that all the others wanted the faculty to find it
out. This generally forms the sum and substance
of the conversation during the breakfast; after
which the females retire. Some of them go to
their chambers an hour or two to read; not, how-
ever, the works of the authors we are acquainted
with in France—such as Milton and Pope, or
Steele or Addison, or Richardson and Fielding;
these appear to have gone quite out of fashion.
Nothing is to be seen but novels; written by no
matron who—any body or nobody—provided they
have attractive titles, such as "The Victim of Sen-
timent," or "The Recluse of the Forest;" or ro-
mances in verse and others in prose, written by a
living author named Scott, who has lately become
extravagantly popular among them. Others sit
down to a novel, there is in the public sitting room,
and amuse themselves by playing and singing; in
both of which accomplishments I have as yet been
able to discover nothing remarkable, except a total
want of feeling either for their instrument, their
music, or their hearers. Others are walking on
the sea shore to pick up shells, or, if the weather
is favourable, taking a dip in the sea; for some
cannot get leave of their papas to come here,
without promising to pay this tax at the shrine of
health. For the convenience of bathing they are
provided with wooden boxes, which go on wheels,
and are drawn a short distance into the water by
a horse. From this little moving house they de-
scend down steps; and, if they are afraid to go by
themselves, they are assisted by women, who at-
tend for the purpose, and sometimes by men.
Those who are not occupied in any of these ways
will perhaps be found driving about the town or
neighbourhood, in little wooden machines a foot
from the ground, drawn by one or two donkeys;
—or riding on the backs of those animals, attend-
ed by a little boy behind to flog them on—I mean
the donkeys. I suppose you are putting on an in-
credulous smile at all this; but it is literally true,
I assure you. During this time the men are em-
ployed in reading newspapers, or playing at bil-
liards, (which they have no notion of) or sailing
out in a flimsy fishing boat, and coming back sick;
—or such as keep horses to ride up to the towns,
where they exhibit their boasted skill in horse-
manship, by trying who can gallop fastest, or leap
in the best style over a ditch a yard wide, or a
hedge a foot high! All this fills up the time till
about three; when they return and dress for din-
ner, which takes place about half past four. This
is the only meal at which the English eat. The
wonder is that, with their execrable cooking,
they can eat at all. The whole is put on the table
at once, except the pastry, which they never dine
without. The cloth then removed, and the wine
and desert put upon the bare table—They take
scarcely any wine with their dinner; and the fe-
males all leave the room a short time after it is
over. The men remain about an hour; when most
of the party assemble in the drawing room. During
the mistress of the house prepares tea. During
this operation some of the men amuse themselves
by talking what I suppose they call gallantry, to
the ladies; to which the latter appear to listen
with exemplary patience. But, generally speak-

ing, the men—and particularly the young ones—
crowd together in one corner of the room, and re-
count the adventures of the day; embellishing the
relation every now and then by a loud general
laugh, which, for any thing the rest of the com-
pany know to the contrary, may be directed at them."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the year 1736 Mr. Hays, a gentleman of
fortune, in travelling, stopped at an inn in Oxford-
shire, Eng. kept by one Jonathan Bradford. He
there met with two gentlemen with whom he sup-
ped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned
that he had then with him a considerable sum of
money. Having retired to rest, the two gentle-
men, who slept in a double bedded room, where
awakened by deep groans in the adjoining cham-
ber. They instantly arose and proceeded silently
to the room whence the groans were heard.
The door was half open, and on entering they
perceived a person weltering in his blood, in the
bed and a man standing over him with a dark
lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. They
soon discovered that the gentleman murdered was
the one with whom they had supped, and that the
man who was standing over him was his murderer.
He positively denied the crime, and asserted that
he came there with the same intentions as them-
selves; for that hearing a noise, which was suc-
ceeded by groans, he got up, struck a light and
armed himself with a knife in his defence, and
was but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of no avail; he was kept
in close custody until the morning, when he was
taken before a neighboring justice of the peace,
to whom the evidence appeared so decisive, that on
writing out his mittimus, he hesitated not to say,
"Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed
this murder."

At the ensuing assizes at Oxford, Bradford was
tried, convicted, and shortly after executed, still
however declaring that he was not guilty of the
murder. This afterwards proved to be true; the
murder was actually committed by Mr. Hays's
footman, who immediately on stabbing his mas-
ter, rifled his pockets, and escaped to his own
room which was scarcely two seconds before
Bradford's entering the chamber. The world
owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience
of the footman on his death-bed eighteen months
after the murder; and dying almost immediately
after he had made the declaration, justice lost its
victim.

It is however, remarkable, that Bradford, though
innocent, and not at all privy to the murder, was
nevertheless a murderer in design. He confessed
to the clergyman who attended him after his
sentence, that having heard that Mr. Hays had a
large sum of money about him, he went to the
chamber with the same diabolical intentions as
the servant. He was struck with amazement;
he could not believe his senses; and in turning
back he drew clothes to assure himself of the fact,
he in his agitation dropped his knife on the bleed-
ing body, by which both his hands and knife be-
came stained, and thus increased the suspicious
circumstances in which he was found.

COLLECTANEA.

How to live!—after a ducal recipe.

The duke of Q— does not extend his life to a
still longer period, it will not be for the want of
cui-cum-sus, and those other succulent arts by
which longevity is best promoted. His Grace's sus-
tenance is thus daily administered:—At 7 in the
morning he regales in a warm milk bath, perfum-
ed with almond powder, where he takes his coffee
and a buttered muffin, and afterwards retires to his
bed; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on coffee
au lait, with new laid eggs, salt parboiled; at eleven
he is presented with two warm jellies and
ragout; at one he eats a cold cutlet a la Maitre-
d'hôtel; at three, jellies and eggs, at five a cup of
chocolate and ragout;—at half after seven, he takes
a hearty dinner from his seasoned dishes, and makes
suitable libations of claret and Madeira;—at ten,
tea, coffee and muffins;—at twelve, soup on a roast-
ed poulet, with a plentiful dilation of time punch;
—at one in the evening, he retires to bed, and
spirits, and sleeps until three, when his man calls
to a moment, waits upon him in person with a hot
savory seal cutlet, which, with a portion of wine
and water, prepares him for his future repose, that
continues generally uninterrupted until the morn-
ing summons him to his Lucian bath. In this rou-
tine of living comfort is the law, and twenty hours
invariably divided; so that if his Grace does not
know with Sir Toby Belch, "that our life is com-
posed of the four elements," he knows at least,
with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "that it consists in
eating and drinking."

LUXURY OF PARSIMONY.

A person of rather singular habits, well known
by the name of Dicky Willan, has been in the
neighbourhood of Witherslack, England, for some
years, and is at present lodging at Matthew Mar-
tin's, of Upham, reaping corn for James Tomlin-
son. He regularly reaps, binds, and shocks, be-
tween 35 and 40 hatters per day; and, what is
still more remarkable, he lives upon nothing but
meat and water. He takes with him to the field a
small bag of meal, and a tin can; and when hun-
gry, he repairs to the nearest pool or ditch, and
then he revels in luxury over a new made can of
crows. About three years ago he reaped for Mr.
W. Stockdale, of Witherslack Hall, 42 or 43 hat-
locks per day; his diet meal and water, his bed
the hay-mow. It is certainly worthy of notice, that
when this singular being has earned five or ten
pounds, he resorts to some public-house, and then
makes merry with his neighbors till all is expend-
ed. It is not uncommon at these times to see a
bottle of gin, a bottle of rum, and a bottle of
brandy, all on the table at once, and the little
man urging his companions to drink. When these
revels are over, he returns peaceably to his
labour, living upon meal and water, and sleeping
in out houses, till his purse is again replenished.

AN INFERENCE.

A certain Master of Arts, reading a pompous
lecture on the powers of the human mind, defined
man, as an animal that draws an inference. When
his lecture was concluded, two of his scholars,
who did not feel the definition quite satisfactory,
walked out to converse about it, and in their per-
ambulations through the town, saw inscribed upon
a door, "Wiseman, Drawing Master." They en-
tered his house, and after some other questions re-
lative to his profession asked him what he could
draw! To which he replied, a landscape, a por-
trait, or a history piece. "Pray, sir," said one of
them, "can you draw an inference?" "Why,
truly," answered he, "never having seen one,
cannot." On this they walked into another street,
where observing a brewer's dray, with a large
powerful horse in the shafts before the door one
of them patted him on the flank, and remarked
that he seemed a very strong animal; to which the
drayman fully assented. "I dare say he can draw
a great weight," said the scholar. "Indeed he

can, master," said the drayman; "Indeed he can, a
very great weight." "Pray my good fellow, do
you think he can draw an inference?" "Sir, he
can draw any thing in reason," replied the dray-
man.—The two young men were now satisfied,
and returning to the lecture room, one of them
thus addressed the reader: "Master, we have
been conversing upon your definition, and we are
convinced it is stark naught, for we have met with
a man, and a wise man too, that cannot draw an
inference, and we have met with a horse that can."

HORSE AND GREYHOUND.

Various have been the opinions upon the differ-
ence of speed between a well bred greyhound and
a race horse; if opposed to each other. Wishes
had been frequently indulged by the sporting
world, that some criterion should be adopted by
which the superiority of speed could be fairly as-
certained, when the following circumstance acciden-
tally took place, and afforded some information
upon what had been previously considered a matter
of great uncertainty. In the month of December,
1819, a match was to have been run over Doner-
ley race-course for one hundred guineas, but one
of the horses having been drawn, a mare started
alone, that by running the ground she might en-
sure the wager; when having run about one mile
in the four, she was accompanied by a greyhound
bitch, which joined her from the side of the course,
and emulating entering into the competition, con-
tinued the race with the mare for the other three
miles, keeping nearly head and head, and afford-
ing an excellent treat to the field by the energetic
exertions of each. At passing the distance post,
five to four was betted in favor of the greyhound;
when parallel with the stand it was even betted,
and any person might have taken his choice from
five to ten; the mare however, had the advantage
by a head at the termination of the course.

The country people who bring timber to Chris-
tians, deliver over their boards to the overseers
of the great timber magazine, who mark on their
backs with chalk in letters and figures the place
to which the boards were brought, and the num-
ber of them. It is a singular sight to see these
boards hurrying away with all possible expedition
to the counting houses of the merchants in the
Quartail, with this original species of obligation
on their shoulders. By stopping in their way, or
engaging in any other business, they must rub
out the marks on their coats, and thus extinguish
forever all evidence of the debt. When they ap-
pear before the treasurer at the counting-house,
they have no occasion to say a single word. They
present their shoulders, and are immediately paid.
The brush which the treasurer applies to his
shoulders is the poor's acquittance.—Von Buck's
Travels in Norway.

THE ORIGIN OF FLYTHES.

A certain woman found by the way side a lamb
perishing with cold and hunger. She had pity
upon the lamb and took it into her house and
nursed it and brought it again unto life. And it
came to pass that the lamb grew up and was a
goodly ewe, and had a large fleece.—And the
poor woman sheared the ewe, when lo! the priest
came unto the woman and said, "the first fruits
of every thing belong unto the Lord; and I must
have the wool." The woman said "it is hard;"
the priest said "it is written" and so he took the
wool. And it came to pass, that soon after the
ewe yeaved and brought forth a lamb.—When lo!
the chief priest came again unto the woman and
said, "the firstling of every flock belongeth unto
the Lord; I must have the lamb." The woman
said "it is hard;" the priest said "it is written"
and he took the lamb. And when it came to pass
that the woman found she could make no profit
from the ewe, she killed and dressed it; when lo!
the chief priest came again unto her, and took a
leg, a loin, and a shoulder, for a burnt offering.—
And it came to pass that the poor woman was ex-
ceeding wroth because of the robbery, and she
said unto the chief priest, "curse on the ewe, oh
that I had never meddled therewith." And the
chief priest straightway said unto her, whatsoever
is cursed belongeth unto the Lord; so he took the
remainder of the mutton, which he and the
Levites ate for their supper.

THE SENTENTIOUS WORLD.

Nothing is so easy for a gentleman as to enter a
silly drawing room, and nothing is so difficult as
to do it gracefully.

A mistress of arts is generally an overmatch for
a master of arts.

Those who extravagantly extol the superiority
of the ancients, should consider, that among them
they had not a linen shirt, or knew the benefit of
a pair of spectacles.

A handsome man is often vainer than a hand-
some woman.

When asked to dinner, either promptly accept
the invitation, or give a reason for declining it; but
do not make any hesitation, as if you make your
acceptance a matter of labor.

In a mixed company let your conversation be
guarded; for, without intending it, you may say
something which a person present may consider
as personal, and for which you may be obliged to
make an apology.

Send your son into the world with good prin-
ciples, and a good education, and he will find his
way in the dark.

A guinea found in the street will not do a man
so much good as one earned by industry.

Give a man work and he will find money.

To attend to a long story ill told, requires more
than mortal patience.

A fine woman ought to add annually to her ac-
complishments, as much as her beauty loses in
the time.

If you wish to have a good crop of corn, weed
the field with great care. Do the same by your
mind.

BEAUTY.—"The most plentiful source of
beauty is expression. It is this which gives a
commanding majesty, a winning softness, or other
graces to the countenance; for the face being a
picture of the mind, whatever amiable qualities
are discerned these give a lustre to the features
expressing them. Therefore, in our descriptions
of beauty, we employ epithets borrowed from
the sentiments, such as a cheerful, an innocent,
an honest, or a sensible countenance. Beauty in
the other sex delights us more, because we are
more interested in it. Women, on the contrary,
are very bad judges of one another's persons, be-
cause they are not affected by them: they judge
by rules, not by what they feel.

Many works of art are beautiful from their like-
ness to the works of nature; wherefore there may
be a beautiful copy of an ugly original. The
famous statue of Laocoon is admired, though
Laocoon himself would be shocking to the be-
holders; and we admit pictures of satyrs, witches,
old men with rugged features and grizzly beards,
to hang as ornaments in our chambers, though
we should deem the originals frightful."

Lord, sir,' quoth Peg, 'the boy's in yond
Who spoke the cruel words I've laid be-
Quick bring him here, to answer for him.
The Provost cried; 'if 'tis as you have
You punish so severe the little elf,
die might as well almost, be immolated.